

Children's Newspaper, March 14, 1942

FIFTY POOR BOYS WHO DIED FOR US

WE have looked at fifty poets who died for us in the last war, and it is a moving thing to read that fifty Barnardo boys have died for us in this. They gave their lives for the country that gave them the only chance of happiness they ever had.

Many were snatched from our slums in the nick of time. They were brought to the ever-open door of these Homes which are at once a shining monument of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and a disgrace to every Englishman—a disgrace because there should be no need for such Homes in a great nation.

Things That Are Wrong

The House of Lords has been talking of the things that are wrong in our schools, and the thing that every man knows to be wrong is that we forget that character is far more important than arithmetic. We turn children adrift as soon as they reach their teens and trust them to the mercy of a world like this when, if we only knew it, these boys and girls have in them the qualities that made Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake. After all, they are the future of the nation, the guardians of the Flag.

WE should think the head of a business mad if, in training up somebody to follow him, he trained him till he was 14 and set him loose to find his way; yet that is how we train the citizens of this great nation.

Right well do our teachers grapple with these human mites whose mental powers begin to stir about the time they are leaving school. But how far on the way to manhood, to womanhood, are these little ones when we throw them on the world? There is nothing in the whole realm of knowledge so pathetic as a boy of 14 leaving school in England.

We think of these Barnardo boys in war, and think them heroes. So they are. They are the stuff that immortality is made of. But what did we think of our slum lads in peace? They were mere urchins to us, gasping for life in a hovel, picking up a little slang, a little food, and a little arithmetic, to grow up digging for coal in the earth, or to stand in steaming factories, or to wear out their bodies on the land, all for a wage hardly enough to rent a house in a little row.

Our People Are Worth It

That was the life of the slum that is passing away, the life we have been transforming into something clean and decent and fit for manhood while the Nazis have been plotting to destroy the world. Let us never be ashamed of the work we have done in these twenty years when we were thinking of peace instead of war. We have strengthened the foundations of the State, however we neglected to buttress its walls against unfriendly neighbours or to protect ourselves against assassins in the dark. We have been spending on the social comfort of our people twice as much money every year as Mr Gladstone ever saw in the Exchequer on his Budget days. Our sins overwhelm us, but there is something in the other scale.

WE have been learning in these bitter days that our people are worth all that we can do for them. All the world has been astounded by the courage of our common folk and every General in the Army knows how wonderful our youths have been. The generation now

taking its place in the ranks is as good as any generation before it.

We shall not be worth a candle if when this is over we do not make a better world for them, with houses fit to live in and a chance for every child to reach the top. We shall not deserve the victory unless we use it to equalise the opportunities of life.

The streak of something in our race that has lifted it to the heights of power is not confined to the comfortable few who have had a generous share of this world's wealth. It runs through slums and mansions too, through cottages and palaces. These fifty boys who have died for us in these two years of war are in the long line of tradition, for there have always been poor boys dying for us. However badly the country has served them they have not failed the country.

THEY were at Dunkirk and they are on the minesweepers. They are in the RAF and in the regiments overseas. They are the backbone of the British Fleet. They man our civil defences. They do the hard work of our factories. One of them was in the Gloucesters in the last war when a German was charging with his bayonet; he sprang up and took the thrust meant for another, and said, with his last breath, that he couldn't help it, for his mate had got a wife and children. One was a little Cockney lad clinging to a tub in the sea and refusing help with a smile and "No, thanks, old cocky." One was a Salvation Army man clinging to a piece of wood with his mate when he found that the timber would not hold them both. He had to make the decision made by Captain Oates, and he slipped off, saying: "Goodbye, mate; death means life to me; hold on and I'll let go."

The Stuff They Are Made Of

There was a boy named George from a Sheffield slum, found by a friend of ours sobbing his heart out because the food he stole for his starving brother had made him ill, and he thought God would kill him. The brother died and George went to sea, and when his ship was torpedoed every man swam to safety except one, who was too hurt to swim. George gave up the bit of wood that would have saved his life, and sank into the sea.

Do you remember the forty men raging with thirst on the Somme, cut off by shell-fire? Their officer passed them his water bottle and said: "Boys, this has to go round," and when it came back the last man had more than any of the 39. Perhaps you remember that grim story of somebody crying, "Are we downhearted?" in a bitter corner of a battlefield. There was silence, and then up rose a stricken spectre from the trenches, shouted *No*, and fell back dead.

This is the stuff our boys and men are made of, whether they come from the Devon coast or the East End slum, or from Barnardo's Homes. Let us be worthy of them. Let us who stay at home not take our freedom from such men without a word, without a deed, of national thanksgiving. One generation of heroes has been betrayed; let it be said of us that we will give our right hand rather than betray again these immortal spirits who give or wreck their human lives to save the world for you and me. **Arthur Mee**

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

POSTAGE
Inland 1d
Abroad 1d

No 1199
3d

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

How He Got to Singapore

INCREDIBLE are some of the stories of the war. Here is another, the story of Quartermaster de Wolf, survivor of a Dutch submarine.

After tracking down four Japanese submarines and destroying them the Dutch submarine hit a mine and was herself shattered. Only six of her crew had even a chance of survival, and of these only one lived to tell the tale.

The six were thrown into the water by the force of the explosion. They knew they were in a shark-infested sea, but they swam on. After twelve hours three of the men went

under, and then two more. Quartermaster Wolf was alone.

He kept on till he sighted land, and this dauntless Dutchman swam for 35 hours till somehow he dragged himself on to the rocks.

A heavy wave threw him down, but he crawled out of reach of the sea, and stumbled inland till he met some natives. They were kind to him, giving him food and shelter.

As soon as he felt strong enough, he began a terrible march through the jungle, but the roots cut his bare feet till he sat down and sobbed. Finally he was carried to a hospital—in Singapore!



**America
Calling**

This striking figure of Uncle Sam is from a poster which appeals to young men to join the United States Army. A similar pointing figure of Lord Kitchener was used in this country during the Great War.

Queer

STRANGE tricks does memory play. We hear of a rector in Somerset (at a village which an old book tells us is on a road which cannot properly be described as leading from anywhere to anywhere) who, when he arrived as rector, was puzzled for a long time to know why it was that the hill and the church were familiar to him. Nothing seemed strange about them, yet he had no idea that he had seen the place before.

Suddenly (long after he had given up the puzzle) there came to him one day the memory that 20 years before he had cycled up the hill on crossing England from coast to coast and had come within an ace of cutting short his career. The experience had been tucked away in his memory, had been forgotten and passed out of his conscious life, and had suddenly popped up again to solve the problem that had so perplexed him.

A Little Visit to France and What Happened There

SCOFFED at on the German wireless as a Red Indian stunt, yet a severe blow at their most modern instrument of defence, the recent raid on the radio-location centre set up by the Germans at Bruneval, near Havre, proved to the world that British fighters have no superiors anywhere.

This raid was the second undertaken by paratroops, and from its secretive beginning to its triumphant end showed how the three arms of our war machine can plan in unison, timing every movement of plane, land force, and ship in advance.

Ranking in daring with the cutting-out expeditions in which Nelson and his men played havoc among French and Spanish men-of-war, this air-borne venture involved risks rarely equalled in the annals of our Navy. Not only had the radio-location station to be surprised, captured, and blown sky-high by sappers, but the beach from which the destroyers

were to embark for home had to be won and held against counter-attack from every quarter.

Grim is the only word for such a fight as this, in which the parachutists descend in darkness, their very faces and teeth blackened, their hands gripping knives for hand-to-hand fighting.

The fight was swift and short, the whole business lasting but two hours. They are two hours that will live for ever in the memories of the heroes who endured this strain and excitement, and in it revealed once more that spirit which has ever been the secret strength of free men fighting against tyranny.

A New Ambassador

WE have lost an old friend by the departure of Dr Rashdi Aras, who has gone home to take part in public life in Ankara; but we have a new friend in the new ambassador, M. Ahmet Orbay, one of the most respected Turks alive and a vigorous personality.

He was in the revolutions of 1908 and 1909, taking refuge during the first in the U.S. Embassy, and fleeing the country in the second. He returned in due course, and commanded a Turkish cruiser which was fighting a single-handed campaign

against the Greek Navy during the Balkan Wars, and in the last Great War he smuggled Sir Charles Townshend. General Townshend had been captured at Kut after a siege of 143 days, and was a prisoner of the Turks, but while the war was still at its height, he was released by the Turks to plead for the best terms of surrender for them, and it was M. Orbay who smuggled him out of the country. In building up the new Turkey he shared the fortunes of the great Kemal Pasha, and became Prime Minister.

Norway Sounds the Trumpet

THE appointment of Quisling the Traitor as Prime Minister of Norway, and the insistence of his Church Department that all children over ten should join the quisling youth organisation even against the wishes of their parents, has led to the resignation of every bishop in Norway.

Quisling's Church Department at once asked the deans of the cathedrals to take their places; but all the deans refused, and with hardly an exception the clergy are supporting the bishops. Already the quisling methods, recalling the treatment of the

evangelical pastors in Germany, had led to the resignation of the renowned Dr Berggrav, Bishop of Oslo, when the police blocked the approaches to Trondheim Cathedral threatening all who came to hear Dean Fjellbu, who had been supplanted by a quisling clergyman. On that day the quislings commanded the morning service at the cathedral to which only one or two of the party went; but the real service was suddenly arranged for the afternoon, when a crowded cathedral listened to the dean in spite of quislings and Nasties.

JEAN STORMONT

Jean Stormont, 17, is called the bravest telephone girl in Sunderland. More than a year ago she was in the shelter with her parents when a German bomber crashed in flames and destroyed their house. They were trapped for four hours under blazing wreckage. The mother died, the father lost a foot, and Jean held her hands before her face to keep off a stream of boiling water, both hands having to be amputated.

Through all this bitter ordeal she has been cheerful and makes the best of her sad plight, for she has other injuries too. Now she has gone to the Ministry of Pensions Hospital in the South, where she will be fitted with artificial hands. Good luck, Jean.

THINGS SEEN

A cow warming itself by a fire during the cold spell at Otford.

A grey seal on the mud at Stonar Cut near Sandwich during the very cold weather.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

THE shipyard stoppages last year deprived the workers of time enough to build 20,000 tons of shipping, and so save many lives.

South Australia has stopped all horse-racing and closed all betting shops to help the war.

A secret newspaper printed in France tells of parties of men in hundreds who go singing hymns and saluting France on their way to the German executioner.

Two new Scottish regiments are to be formed, Highland and Lowland; they will be the first new Scottish regiments raised for over a hundred years.

A NOTTINGHAM tradesman calls attention to the time wasted by vanmen being kept waiting on doorsteps. Deliveries could be made in half the time if the call were answered at once.

During the last eight months Southend parks have produced 5 tons of onions, 50 tons of potatoes, and 12 tons of tomatoes.

Despite incessant bombing raids, Malta has raised its previous Poppy Day collection of £1199 to £1677, and a telegram was sent by the British Legion on the island to headquarters, "All in good heart. Good luck."

Captain Knight's well-known golden eagle has been in bombing raids and was torpedoed in crossing the Atlantic.

Australia will soon have 36 Government munition factories working full speed, and 2000 other factories are working for the Supply Department.

A small detachment of British troops has arrived in New York.

There is a grave wheat shortage in Persia, owing to the war, transport difficulties, hoarding, and speculation following two bad harvests.

Last year the Southern Railway salvaged nearly 1000 tons of paper for munitions.

Dublin Zoo is trying to hatch nine emu's eggs laid there.

The latest census shows that Eire has a population of 1,512,170 males and 1,477,530 females.

Scout and Guide News Reel

GUIDES and Guiders of the Bushey district cooked meals in the open during a recent week-end for 83 Home Guard cadets taking part in a Warship Week display.

The Ranger training for girls of 14-20 is open to Guides; girls who have not been in the Movement may also take the instruction and will be asked to take the Ranger Promise after a maximum period of six months.

The Gilt Cross has been awarded to Miss Wootton, District Commissioner for the Guides of Valetta, capital of Malta, for her gallantry when caring for children during air attack.

THE Silver Cross has been awarded to Scout Alan King, of Islington, for his fearless investigation of incidents and his coolness and courage under fire during air-raids.

The Cornwell Decoration has been awarded to Wolf Cub Ian Smith, of Dunfermline, for his great fortitude in suffering before he passed away.

The 1st Shipley (Yorkshire) Troop has given £30 to the local hospital; during 13 months they have raised £55 for charities.

The Boy Who Grew Up to Make All England Talk

IT was a shivering day 50 years ago. From the Elephant and Castle to Norwood Cemetery the London crowds were lining the pavements on both sides of the road. It was the last ride of Charles Spurgeon.

The crowds were paying silent homage to the greatest preacher England has known since Whitfield and Wesley.

Like Wesley he was born in a minister's house. His parents were poor and the family was big. They could not pay for much education. They had no capital to give him a start in life; no friends of influence. But they gave him a godly home, and plenty of books. He read insatiably.

His training was strict. "I was still in my pinafore," he used to say in telling the story; "I had lost my slate pencil, and had no money to buy. I never had pocket-money. I was afraid of being scolded, for I was a careless little fellow. There was a little shop in the place where they sold nuts and cakes and balls. I argued to myself that Christmas was coming, and some one or other would be sure to give me a penny. I didn't feel easy about it, but I screwed up my courage and went into the shop. One farthing was the price, and, as I had never owed anything before, my credit was good. The pencil was handed over by the kind-hearted dame and I was in debt. I felt as if I had done wrong, but I little knew how I should smart for it.

A Warning Against Debt

"Something roused my father's suspicion. He insisted on being told the truth, and then he gave me a big blowing up on the evil of getting into debt. It might so easily beget a habit and bring ruin. It might disgrace the family. It might land me in prison. The little criminal was marched off to the shop like a deserter to the barracks, crying bitterly all the way. The debt was discharged amid solemn warnings. I never got into debt again."

At 15 he became assistant in a private school at Cambridge. The principal gave him as his salary his board and lodging and some help with his studies.

Boy as he was, he was already preaching. Practically every night he was taking services in the villages round Cambridge. The meetings were frequently held in private houses. For the most part he tramped and thought out his subject as he walked.

The Boy Preacher

His fame as the boy preacher went abroad far and wide, and reached London. The Baptist Church at New Park Street in Southwark, which was all but derelict, invited him to occupy their pulpit. They put him up for the week-end in a Bloomsbury lodging-house. His bedroom over the front door was a sort of glorified cupboard. There was hardly room for him to kneel at his bedside. At the morning service the congregation was scanty, but in the evening the church was full. They invited him to be their minister, and within a year they needed a new church, and before the new church was ready the congregation was so great that they had to hire a music-hall.

The boy preacher had captured London. The newspapers were critical. A smart journalist christened him "Punch-in-the-Pulpit," for Spurgeon had humour, and he gave himself with all his powers to the service of his Master. The architect prepared new plans for a building to hold 5000, a greater congregation than St Paul's could hold. It was called the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and there Spurgeon preached till the end of his life. The membership of the church was 5900. The total number of those he received into membership was 15,000. He preached to ten million people. His sermons were as the sand on the seashore for multitude. Every week at least one sermon was published. They were translated into 23 languages.

The Power of the Spirit

When Spurgeon was asked for the secret of his success he put it very simply: "My people pray for me." As St Paul said of his own preaching, "it did not rest on the plausible arguments of wisdom, but on the demonstration of the spirit and its power."

Spurgeon was a practiser as well as a preacher. Like Savonarola he did not allow his people "to listen well and act ill." At 22 he founded a college for the training of pastors. He saw that the spiritual power was given to many who had no learning and could not be admitted to colleges, though they were on fire with the Gospel. He gave them such training as fitted them for work among the poor. Missions were opened and all sorts of clubs were run. The ground floor of the Tabernacle provided enough class-rooms for the Sunday School, and the rooms were not closed on weekdays. There were no night schools then.

A Sense of Humour

Spurgeon opened classes for all, without fees. Every week there was a lecture, and all tastes were catered for.

One lecture was on "The Gorilla and the land where he lives." There was a full-grown specimen on the platform; one of the London museums provided him. This was, of course, a great draw, but some said it was irreverent in a religious building. It is a pity some people are devoid of humour. Spurgeon's God must have lots of humour, or how could He have made monkeys?

Many of his young folk volunteered for the foreign mission field, for Spurgeon said that foreign missions and home missions were like the two sides of a penny; you couldn't separate the one from the other.

With a present of £20,000 from a lady Spurgeon founded an orphanage. He had 500 boys and girls, and took great delight in them. This orphanage is one of his many memorials, but the greatest of all memorials to him are the men and women whose lives through his ministry were changed and given to God.

The Children's Newspaper, March 14, 1942

WHAT THE ELECTRIC EYE IS DOING

So many times the remarkable things achieved by the electric eye (the photo-electric cell) have been referred to in the CN that many readers may wonder how many of them have really worked out in a practical world.

Photo-cells continue to operate the station doors at many big railway stations throughout the world, throwing them open the instant a passenger approaches. Almost every photographer uses a photo-cell meter to measure the lighting of the subject he is taking, and thereby knowing the exact exposure to give. Hundreds of counting machines in factories and munition works are operated by these cells.

Probably their biggest and most important application is to very delicate beams of light which have to be measured with great accuracy; thousands of electric eyes are doing this work for us with amazing precision.

It is a fine thing that within the last year or two certain English manufacturers have made photo-cells which have exceeded in quality those made abroad, and electric eyes are now being exported to the United States to keep their mysterious watch over high-speed machinery there.

ORDER OF THE BATH

One of our searchlight squads in the North has quarters on a bleak moor. Cold it is up there, and thankful indeed are the men for a hot bath now and then.

And there is always a bath when they want one, thanks to the thoughtfulness of a lady in a village near by. It was her idea to make a list of all the houses in the district which have baths, and to compile a rota so that every day of the week someone has a hot bath waiting for any soldier who likes to ask for it.

NUTCRACKERS WITH US

Nutcrackers have been in our midst during this Arctic winter. A few are driven to our shores from northern Europe every winter when conditions in their own home grow too intense for bird prosperity, yet we can never count them among our winter immigrants, their coming being too irregular. We should like to know more about them, for although we have been calling these birds nutcrackers for two centuries modern naturalists believe that they do not crack nuts, but exist mainly on the seeds they extract from pinecones.

The Desert Blossoming Like a Rose

HEEDLESS of the havoc of war, the flowers of spring are now blooming along the Mediterranean coastal strip of the Libyan Desert. This is ancient Maryut, where an arm of Lake Marcotis once was, and which long ago dried up. It has left us a legacy, this flower garden of Egypt, as well as the many cisterns the Romans made to catch water.

The spring flowers follow one another in orderly succession. The first wave, that of crocus and anemones, is not yet done with, but the middle phase when hundreds of square miles of desert are hidden by flowers is now in its prime, as we learn from Professor F. W. Oliver,

The Empire of Islands

ONE of the Far Eastern prizes on which Japan has long cast covetous eyes is the Netherlands East Indies, with an area of 730,000 square miles and a population of 71 millions. Of this nearly 70 millions are native, and only a quarter of a million Dutch.

The Dutch have worked hard in this scattered empire, planting rubber, coffee, tobacco, and boring for oil. It has all been done in lands where people speak 300 languages, where many are still in the primitive state of "the wild men of Borneo" and others in the highly civilised state of the people of Java.

For a long time, however, the Dutch Government did not do much about educating the islanders. It is just a hundred years since they began to provide schools, and of late fresh schools have been opened at the rate of 800 a year.

Many want to learn Dutch, for that is the language which provides them with the best

jobs on the islands; but the Government has not been over-anxious to teach everyone Dutch, because it leads to great numbers being without work. The village school is usually a very simple place, the Government providing the teacher. One of the unique educational activities is the Institute for Popular Literature, producing and distributing books of all kinds, including the adaptation to native life of foreign works. There is also a wide range of books on health, agriculture, economics, gardening, fruit-growing, cattle breeding, masonry, and carpentry. The institute has its own printing press, as well as linguists for the 300 dialects, and controls 3000 libraries; its motor-bookshops penetrate everywhere.

This empire of islands is largely made up of small farmers and fishermen, so there are a large number of peasant farm schools where the small farmer may send his son to learn about crops, the weather, the soil, and how to manage the farm.



A fisherman of Bali, the most beautiful island of the Dutch East Indies

BARHAM DOWNS UNDER THE PLOUGH

Barham Downs, a stretch of grassland several miles long between Canterbury and Dover, are being ploughed up for the first time since the Napoleon wars.

The downs have been used as a military camp in several wars, were the scene of fierce fighting during the Roman invasion, and were chosen as a suitable site for the celebrations which marked the return of Charles the Second to this country. At one time the northern stretch of downland was used as a racecourse, and the older people of the district still remember Barham Downs race days.

now resident in Egypt. He has noted several hundred kinds of flowers, but we may pick out only a few by the common names as we know them in English fields and gardens.

There are birdsfoot trefoil, and melilot, and yellow vetch, and the mauve sea stock, as well as pheasant's eye, larkspur, and love-in-the-mist. Soon will come the yellow Star of Bethlehem, and its sister the white star; then the grape hyacinth, and the dwarf iris, and sheets of asphodel. But this pageant, wonderful in extent, begins shortly to fade back into the desert's dusty face, with a final display of chrysanthemums, poppies, and thistles!

BIGGER & BETTER

Three hundred boys and two hundred girls of 14 not long ago applied for admission to the Civil Service. Those who examined them were surprised and delighted to find that their average weight and height had increased.

Sir Henry Bashford, chief medical officer of the Post Office, gave two reasons for this: general improvements in living conditions and diet over the past two years, and counter-balancing of war strain and rationing by the excellent work of the Ministry of Food in providing the right kinds of body-building foods and vitamins for growing children. Most of the boys and girls were educated at elementary schools and have been in London during the war. Only ten out of 300 were rejected, chiefly for bad sight.

THE SAFETY LIGHT

By the use of a very simple device the lives of hundreds of wrecked seamen have already been saved. It consists of a small electric battery carried in the pocket with a bulb fixed to the seaman's coat lapel. The lapel bulb is fed enough and big enough to be easily seen by rescuers. Too often in the past the seamen of a wrecked or torpedoed vessel have been lost in night disasters.

Another means of carrying a signal light is by fixing it to the collar strap of a life-saving waistcoat. A signal light, too, is one of the features of a small craft to carry several people which has also a sail and waterproof lining.

LITTLE GREENFINCH

An encouraging story of the kindness of some of our coastguards comes from Sandgate. During the bitter weather one of the men saw a starving and almost exhausted greenfinch fluttering against a window, and gave it food and drink. The bird found shelter in a hole in the wall, and the next day the station officer put out a cage with its door open, and the starving bird found its way in and made itself at home. In the morning, however, the greenfinch flew away and the men thought they had seen the last of it, but it returned in the afternoon, and has done so every evening since, to sleep in its cage.

What Will They Say About This?

WHEN the history of the war is read by future generations they will find it difficult to believe some of the stories of life in England today. One story which will seem incredible is told by a reader who lives in East Kent.

With the breaking of the frost this year every available hand on the farms was pressed into work. Tractors were roaring before dawn, men in gangs could be seen at work everywhere, and the valleys were filled with the smoke of fires. Work had begun in earnest—in the hop-gardens!

The smoke came from rubbish fires, for the farm women were cleaning out the hopper huts in readiness for next season. Soon they will be working with the

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS AFTER THE WAR

It has been revealed at the Institution of Electrical Engineers that only 2400 miles of our 37,000 miles of railway are so far electrified, and a much greater use of electricity for trains is considered certain after the war. Many people think the electric engine cannot compete with the steam locomotive for very high speeds, but the fact was quoted that while the fastest steam train is the Kings Cross to York four o'clock, which before the war made an average of just seventy-two miles an hour, the Rome-Naples electric train made an average of over seventy-two. Since electric trains were installed on the Southern Railway, it has become possible to pass 2500 trains through Clapham Junction, the world's busiest junction, every 24 hours.

PLANES FROM PAPER

Recently the CN has mentioned numerous uses for your old waste paper, but the fact that it helps to make planes has not been among them.

It is a fact, however, that paper plays an important part in the construction of an up-to-date trainer plane used by the R.A.F.

The main struts—the skeleton of this machine—are made of compressed laminated wood; and layers of newspaper are inserted. Paper helps to give the plane greater lightness and strength, for these struts are stronger for their weight than steel.

THE SERVICE CURE

A friend of the CN has been telling us something of the effects on girls and young women of life and labour with the Services.

His sister, a girl of eighteen, while not an invalid, was certainly not strong; she had little appetite, was pallid, constantly caught colds, and was haunted by rheumatism. Volunteering at the beginning of this bitter winter, she was sent to a training school in the country, where, to some extent roughing it for the first time in her life, she found her new life astonishingly beneficial. Out in the open, cheery in all weathers, one of hundreds of girls of all classes, she passed the winter without one cold, without one twinge of rheumatism. She eats like a young Amazon, she has put on weight, her cheeks are as rosy as red apples, and her eyes sparkle. The life has made an entirely new girl of her.

men in the gardens themselves, cutting, training, and tying.

Farmers have been praised for their record food production. We are all urged to save food and to plant every suitable plot with vegetables. The Government has been urged not to call up young men from the farms, for the farmers say that they are already short of labour. No doubt we do need, and shall need, all the food we can grow, and yet on many farms in the hop country almost every worker is employed for weeks on a crop which cannot be called food.

What will the generations to come think of a people which tolerated such waste of manpower and acres at such a time?

The EDITOR'S TABLE

The Old Familiar Names

WE are glad to see that in future Iran and Thailand are to be known officially in this country as Persia and Siam.

We confess to a weakness for the old well-known names. Nothing has been more confusing than some of the changes in the names of cities and countries since the last war, and the obsession for changing the familiar names of the map has gone far enough, whatever the reason for it may be. We wonder how many of those who lightly change their country's names realise the confusion into which they throw millions of books and maps. Presumably they never think of it.

THE HARDY BRITON

NOR only are the Russians pleased with the tanks we have sent them; they were delighted with the fighting airmen of the R A F who were helping in the northern section of their battle front. They were surprised, apparently, that Britons can fight and fly so well in conditions Arctic in severity.

But when those very airmen were children a very wise student of our people, Dr G. R. Parkin, President of the Geographical Association, told the world the result of his researches. The "rough and raw British climate," he said, that climate about which we all think it our duty to grumble, has qualified Britons to stand greater excesses of heat and cold than any other men. We need this fortitude and power of resistance, for we go everywhere; and everywhere, whatever the climate or country, we have won glory and repute.

So our men take everything abroad as complacently as under their own fretful skies, the hardy products of a testing land.

Face It

SOMETHING in our world today reminds us of a story of Professor Huxley, who said that before lecturing he used to pray: *God give me strength to face a fact, though it slay me.*

Australia Loses a Proud Boast

IT is sad that strife has put an end to one of the wonders and beauties of which we had been able to boast with unique and commendable pride; we can no longer say that our flag flies over the only continent that had never known war within its frontiers.

Europe, Asia, Africa, and America had all been the scene of war throughout the ages, but Australia, unknown until almost the other day, as history goes, had never had to fight with armies. Her toil has been the toil of peace.

From small beginnings Australia has slowly built herself into a nation; not a numerous nation, but brave and proud and industrious, sharing the wars and perils of the Motherland, but never until now having a hostile shot fired on her actual soil.

In some respects her career has been idyllic; her flocks and herds, her dairies, her vineyards, cornfields, and orchards, seemed to a distant spectator the realisation of the dream of poets who from Virgil's time onwards have pictured the pastoral life as the highest hope of earthly happiness. Now all the world knows it is very different from a dream, and our sympathy goes out to the gallant people who have suddenly and tragically seen their continent a battlefield, with the Barbarian at its gate.

Scrap on the Spot

WE were sitting in a train waiting at a London station the other day, and as we looked out of the window were confronted with a row of enamelled iron advertisements.

Each one advertised something which is now difficult or impossible to buy, and it occurred to us that every railway station in the land must have its quota of idle sheet-iron such as this. Trains are on the spot to provide transport for collecting it. Why not?

JUST AN IDEA

Andrew Soutar has passed to his inheritance; we remember that he said there is always a niche for whoever is determined not to be kept down.

THE ROOTS OF AN EMPIRE

AFTER the fall of Singapore a journalist who had followed on the spot the fortunes of the contest sent to his newspaper, The Times, an article accounting for the disaster. After dealing with the military side of the matter, he went on to speak of the relation of British authority to the enormous Asiatic population of the Island, and its attitude to the conflict; and what he says on this is of such importance that it must not be overlooked. He gave his verdict in this illuminating sentence:

The Government had no roots in the life of the people of the country.

THE only tie between the British Government and the Asiatic citizens was employment, and this was not enough to engage the human interest of the people in the military position; we are told that the bulk of them "remained spectators from start to finish." Their chief desire was to get as far as possible from the scene of hostilities, and as a consequence great difficulties were caused; even bomb craters on air-fields, for want of willing workers, were not filled up.

At the naval base, where 12,000 Asiatics were employed, only 800 reported for duty when the war came. At the docks, no native labour was available, and British soldiers had to be taken off military duty to load and unload ships. A number of small ships had to remain at anchor in the harbour because they were deserted by their native crews.

WHEN we reflect that Singapore was formally included in the British Empire as long ago as 1824, it is deplorable that those responsible for so important an outpost of empire did not interest the natives so that they felt themselves part of a real corporate life, rooted in its social fabric and devoted to its welfare. The lesson is surely a very plain one, and must not be forgotten.

STORY

THOUSANDS of amateurs are nobly stepping into the breach in these days of shortage of man-power, and we have been reminded of another occasion in the long ago when a tailor was called upon to serve at the organ in a Sussex village church.

It was a wedding, and the bridegroom begged the tailor to "get up something nice" for the occasion. He did not know much about marches, the good man said, but he would do his best—and he did. As the bridal party entered the church the organ rolled out the majestic Dead March in Saul.

Miracles Waiting To Be Discovered

ALL the clever and useful men and women have been people who wondered about things. All the wealth in the world has been made because people wondered.

If we want to be happy and useful there is no better way than to get into the habit of wondering why things *are*, or why they are not different. The world is full of miracles, some accomplished and some waiting to be accomplished.

Not long ago all the countries of the world, and all the peoples of all the countries of the world, save a few lords, and barons, and squires, and merchants, were very poor, because men had not discovered the powers Nature was hiding from them.

What a strange thing it is that it took the world so long to discover what steam meant! For thousands of years millions of men and women and children had boiled water in pots and pans and kettles, and had watched the water reach boiling-point—the point when the water-gas called steam reaches a sufficient pressure to overcome the pressure of the air and to escape from the surface of the water in bubbles. They had seen how, when boiling-point came, the lid of the kettle was shaken by a great force, so that the steam came bubbling up, or rushing out of the spout.

The Power of Steam

Yet nobody had wondered enough about the matter to consider whether the great force thrust under their eyes could not be used to help them in their work, and to do much more work than could be done by their own muscles or by the muscles of a horse or an ox. For thousands of years steam was formed before the eyes of men and women in millions of boiling vessels of water, yet *nobody stopped to wonder much about it until about two hundred years ago.*

The world has existed so long that two hundred years ago is almost as yesterday. The world grew very old before its people learned how to use steam, and we have only known how to use steam well for about 170 years, for it was not until 1769 that James Watt took out his steam-engine patent. He was led to think about steam because, being a mathematical instrument maker, he was sent to repair a model of the steam-engine of Newcomen, which was a very poor thing indeed.

If James Watt had not been a wondering man he would have repaired the model and thought no more about it; but, fortunately for the world, he not only repaired the model

of Newcomen's clumsy engine but he wondered about it.

When we think for how many thousands of years nobody wondered about steam, although everybody saw it every day, we see that the few men who did think about it were a sort of happy accident. Suppose the few men who did the early work on the steam-engine (Savery, the Marquis of Worcester, Newcomen, and Watt) had not been born, or had died in their childhood, the world might easily have had to wait hundreds of years for men with the wise gift of wondering.

Lightning and Thunder

There is a more remarkable thing still which reminds us how wise it is to wonder. Ever since men lived in the world, and even before they learned how to make fire and boil water in a pot, they saw lightning and heard thunder, but the secret of the lightning and the thunder was not discovered until about the time James Watt was wondering about steam.

Men knew that lightning was an exhibition of terrific force; they could not fail to know it, for they saw trees riven and destroyed by lightning. It was not until about 190 years ago, however, that Benjamin Franklin suggested that a charge of electricity might be got from a thunder-cloud, and sent up his kite to prove that its wetted string could conduct electricity to the earth. And many more men after Franklin had to go on wondering about electricity before Volta, in 1800, discovered how a current could be set up between two metals, and before Faraday discovered what is called magneto-electric induction, which is the means by which we produce electricity in large quantities to light our homes and run machinery.

What is Matter?

Again it is true that, if the few men to whom we owe these things had unhappily perished in their youth, the world might have had to wait for long years yet for electricity.

What we all have to remember about our own time is this, that *most of the miracles are yet*

Under the Editor's Table

ARTISTS are sociable. Like their pictures to hang together.

NORFOLK people can buy dinners from mobile canteens. But it isn't wise to run after meals.

OUR arms output is bounding up. The spring is in the air.

HITLER says he is not ashamed to work for his bread. He takes the cake.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



A CORRESPONDENT wants to know what to do with an old fur coat. Wear it.

ITALIAN enthusiasm for war has been damped. And Mussolini's popularity has shrunk.

RUBBER planters are often thrown on their own resources. But are not cast down.

BLACKBIRDS have built a nest in an old shoe. Their sole address.

If a novelist who writes about kings makes good royalties



Walking Up a Cliff-Face

Cliff-climbing with the aid of a rope is part of the physical training of many of our soldiers

Continued from the previous column

undiscovered. Although the world is so old, we are only just beginning to get a glimmer of knowledge as to what matter really is. When we are quite sure about it we may learn how to produce force in such quantities that the world will be made a much happier place for everybody.

For the boy and girl of today, in spite of all these terrors, the world is a more wonderful place than ever it was before. There is not less to wonder about, but more. All that has been done so far is as the opening chapter of what mankind may hope to accomplish in the days to come. Who is going to help the

world to discover the new miracles—miracles that will make even an electric dynamo an ingenious curiosity of the past?

The answer is that miracles are only accomplished by people who wonder about things they see and handle. One man works a machine and is content to take it as it is; another wonders whether the machine cannot be made better, and if he finds any difficulty connected with it he wonders how to overcome it.

The wondering man is the useful man, and there is so much still to discover that we shall all do well to think as hard as we can about the world and its unceasing wonders.

The Little Man in the Waiting-Room

From One Who Was There

DURING the very cold weather I found myself one of a score of passengers stranded at a station.

Bitterly cold it was, and when at last a fire was coaxied into being in the draughty waiting-room we still shivered, stamping our feet and beating our hands.

One of the party was a little man with twinkling eyes, very apologetic. Every few minutes he would say he did not want to be a bother, but would the men stand back while he tried to blow the fire? Would we arrange the suitcases round the grate so that the ladies might sit on them? It was none of

his business, of course, but what if we all rubbed our hands together, and stamped our feet on the floor, and perhaps thought together of the poor Negroes perspiring in the plantations on the Equator? And, thinking of them, why not sing?

We *did* sing, the little man apologising for beating time with a borrowed umbrella.

We sang Poor Old Joe, Annie Laurie, There'll Always Be An England, and a dozen hymns; and while we were singing *Crown Him* a porter announced a relief train.

Somehow, we were almost sorry to hear of it.

CARRY ON

WHEN SHE SMILED

WHEN she smiled it was a pure sunshine that anyone chose to bask in if they could; but anon came a storm and the thunder fell in wondrous manner on all alike.

Queen Elizabeth's godson.

Lord, While For All Mankind We Pray

Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell,
Our children, too; how should we love
Another land so well!

O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

J. R. Wreford

THE GLORIOUS DOOM

It is the glorious doom of literature that the evil perishes and the good remains.

Bulwer Lytton

A Father to His Son

My son, of things I chance to own

I have but little to bequeath,
Yet I leave wealth we all have known:

The sun, the stars, the air we breathe,
The unborn flowers by mead and dell,

The music of the wind and rain:
All these have I loved long and well.

For you, my son, these will remain.

But I make, too, one more bequest,

Born of my faith in things to be:
I leave a world no more obsessed

By war, but friendly, wise, and free.

I've lived, my son, like millions more,

Through years when greed and sloth were rife;

I think, when this grim task is o'er,

That you'll enjoy a happier life.

W. Spencer Leeming

HOW TO BE HAPPY

It is a great source of happiness to be associated with people who are trying, however imperfectly, to make a better world.

F. G. Peabody

Laugh and Be Merry

LAUGH and be merry, remember,
Better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in
the teeth of a wrong.

Laugh, for the time is brief, a
thread the length of a span.

Laugh, and be proud to belong
to the old proud pageant of
man.

John Masefield

Dark Days to Win Through

DARK days—and testing—days of storm and gale,
When men of lesser worth lose heart and fail;
But days when strong men, worthy of their race,
With lifted heads, and shoulders squared to face
The buffings of fate, by God's good grace
Win through.

No time for strife, for cleavage in the State,
The task is hard, the foe is at the gate;
The call is stern, and it must be obeyed,

Each in his place, strong, steady, undismayed,
Wherever best his gifts can render aid
Stands true.

Gone carelessness and ease; with humble mind
Look now to Him, who will, in mercy kind,
Give to our eyes the vision of the right,
Give to our hearts the faith that burneth bright,
Give to our hands the power to fight the fight
Till done.

These island lands have known dark days of old,
But never shame, nor shall of us be told;

So shall our children say "Twas not for nought
By so great sacrifice they freedom bought,"

We honour them—they held, they stood, they fought,
They won." Tom Birkett

Common Sense

COMMON sense, all too uncommon, is the invincible weapon that wins many a battle. He who possesses it to a large degree, and uses it to the full, can have just about anything he wants.

Common sense is the ordinary grey matter with which nature endows us. It is the everyday knowledge of the fitness of things.

Common sense is the cornerstone of all good living. It is an asset which rescues one from many a perilous situation, equips him with needed power, and sends him forth a conqueror.

All good living, right living, is plain common sense. It is better to do right than wrong, to be pure than impure, to be honest than deceitful.

Common sense tells one when he should talk and when he should keep his mouth shut; tells him always to give right the benefit of any doubt; tells him to

take the prudent course, playing safely rather than being sorry later. Common sense bids one not to ape, but to be original; bids him not to see how much different from the rest of the world he can be, but to follow an even keel.

He who uses common sense has a good reason for doing a thing, or else leaves it alone. He does not try to cover too much territory, but concentrates his efforts on worthy objectives. He never takes desperate chances, never gambles with uncertainty. He builds his life on the law of averages and knows that history can repeat itself.

Common sense tells a man that nothing can supplant hard work; that he should say his prayers and help to answer his own prayers; have faith in Providence but also in himself, and make all his judgments sound, reasonable, clean, above reproach. Nathan Howard Gist



Portrait of Pieter Tjarck—by Frans Hals, the great Dutch artist of the seventeenth century

News of John Gilpin From an Attic

ALL the world knows of John Gilpin's Ride to Edmonton on the horse that would not stop. John Gilpin was a citizen of high renown, we read in Cowper's poem.

Everybody who has enjoyed the poet's rollicking rhyme has echoed this prayer in his last lines:

Now let us sing, Long Live the King,
And Gilpin long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see.

But who John Gilpin was (or if he really was) we have not known, and it would seem that our Big Waste Paper Hunt has now brought news of him—or news, at any rate, that John Gilpin did exist. It has been found that a John Gilpin did live and own Walton Hall, a farm twelve miles from Olney, where Cowper lived and wrote his poem.

Thanks to the industry of Miss Joan Wake, the devoted lover of old records and secretary of the Northamptonshire Record Society, a deed relating to his land has been found in a lawyer's attic at Olney, and in it we read the familiar words, *John Gilpin, Citizen of London*.

Perhaps more interesting still to the student of Cowper is the fact that the owner of the document is a descendant of William Bull, the minister at Newport Pagnell who proved so loyal and devoted a friend to the poet when John Newton left Olney Vicarage for a London rectory. Cowper was 49 when first they met, and William Bull was seven years younger, and the minister would make the five-mile journey once a fortnight to sit smoking his pipe by the fire or in the garden with

the poet. In fact, Bull had a special pipe and tobacco box at Olney, where we may still see them today by lifting the floor-board in the summerhouse.

Cowper fell under the soothing spell of the smoke and wrote a poem in praise of the clouds of incense which ends:

And so may smoke-inhaling Bull
Be always filling, never full.

Full indeed was the life of good William Bull. Son of a Puritan who fell from grace, he taught himself Greek and Latin, and learned Hebrew from the headings of the 119th Psalm; and he established a school at Newport Pagnell, from which over 100 men went forth as ministers. His son and grandson succeeded him, their three ministries covering 175 years.

Now Cowper wrote John Gilpin in 1782 at the suggestion of another intimate friend, Lady Austen. Probably William Bull had a hand in it as well, for we know that he had just induced the poet to translate some poems by Madame Guyon and had them printed at Newport Pagnell.

Perhaps, then, John Gilpin's Ride was a satire on a newcomer to the neighbourhood, or a true story which followed its hero when he left the bustle of London for the peace of Buckinghamshire pastures. The fact that it was published anonymously seems to lend colour to the view that Cowper may have written it of a living man, and the name has long been known on a gravestone near Westminster Abbey.

COUNTRY TALES

Here are some more stories taken from the King's England books, the Editor's survey of our land, published by Hodder and Stoughton.

The News That Stirred All England

For a long time many folk in the quiet Hertfordshire countryside will remember the dramatic event of the Great War for which an obelisk stands at Cuffley; it was the fall of the first Zeppelin. Night after night these ships of death came and went away. William Leece Robinson became famous one Sunday morning in 1916 by breaking up the plans of the biggest raid during the war.

Robinson had been two hours in the air, and had attacked one of 14 Zeppelins unsuccessfully when he met another at Cuffley and emptied into it three drums of ammunition from his Lewis gun. It crashed to the ground and burned for two hours, its fall being witnessed by thousands of Londoners and by the crews of other raiding airships. Robinson was given the V.C. He lived through the war, but by a cruel stroke of fate died just after the Armistice, from influenza.

George Fox Preaches For Three Hours

It was in the Westmorland village of Firbank, lying among the grandeur of the Pennines, that George Fox preached to a thousand people one summer's day about 300 years ago. His simple message went straight to the hearts of the dalesfolk who heard him, and many young men became his disciples, afterwards preaching up and down England and making Friends everywhere.

The jagged rock on which he preached is near the site of old Firbank Chapel, where five weather-beaten tombstones remain. Fox gives us this interesting picture in his diary of this famous Sunday here:

I went to a brook and got me a little water, and so I came and sat me down atop of a rock and the people gathered about me with several teachers; and it was judged there were a thousand people, among whom I declared God's everlasting truth about three hours.

Faithful Princess

It was to the great house at Catsfield in Sussex that there came a friend of Marie Antoinette, Princess de Lamballe, bringing with her for safe preservation some of Marie Antoinette's small things. Here they were preserved by her friend Lady Gibbs, but the princess left the security of this countryside to share the sorrows of her queen again.

The princess had married a Bourbon and was left a widow the next year, and the day came when, as she left the court room of the queen, she was struck to the ground, and her head was raised on a pike in front of the palace. There is in the Wallace Collection an ivory necklace given her by the queen.

AUSTRALIA'S SLOGAN

Brains and Brawn are
better than Bets or Beer

Austria Plays While Paddington Dances

A FINE mansion just opposite the western end of Kensington Gardens has been opened as the Bayswater Youth Centre. It is the home of a business man who has gone to live elsewhere with his young family, but has also planned to look after the happiness of a much bigger family he has since acquired, for he is chairman of the committee which manages the youth centre at Number 2, Orme Court.

Orme Court and Orme Square are named after Sir George Orme, who made his fortune in trade with Russia about a century ago, and they form part of a little corner of this end of London which made up a regular Russo-Greek colony not many years ago.

Close by is the Greek cathedral in Moscow Road. That street, and St Petersburg Place which turns into it, remind us of the old Russia as well as the new, and, strangely enough, the Embassy of the Soviet Russia of today, in its magnificent home in Kensington Palace Gardens, is only a few minutes walk away.

But many rich Greek families were the first tenants of the spacious red-brick houses built after Sir George Orme's day. They were big, comfort-loving families, and there is an air of solid and lavish Victorian comfort about all the houses hereabouts, even those which are now empty because the spacious Victorian middle-class life is a thing of the past.

So this mansion, where every week-day except Monday the boys and girls of workaday Paddington come to play games and read and write and dance when work is done, is warm and wide and roomy enough for all of them. The members pay two-pence every time they spend an afternoon and evening in the club. From 14 to 20 years old, most of them are working hard, and love their pleasant refuge from the cold streets.

One thing they did lack, however. As keen dancers, they

wanted a band. They made the best of gramophone records, but longed for a band of their own.

Suddenly, the problem was solved, and in the kind of way which one likes to think will solve so many bigger problems in the world of the future. In Paddington a number of young exiles from Austria, lucky to have escaped from Hitler's grip, had made a home and formed a club. Young Austria, they called it, but, alas, they had no club-house. They met where they could.

Then Miss Irene Spink, the manager of the Bayswater Youth Centre, heard about the Austrians. She invited them to share her club, to join up with the London boys and girls and make friends with them. The delighted Austrians wondered what they could do in return for such kindness. They had brought very little with them from their homeland, but one thing they had which Hitler could not take away from any people—their music. These men had brought with them the music which is the very soul of the true Vienna, the real Austria of civilisation. They had their instruments, too, and there was a piano! Would the Bayswater Youth Centre like a band?

What, indeed, would Bayswater Youth like better? So now the English boys and girls of Paddington are dancing to the swaying Viennese music played by the Austrians of Paddington who have given them the only gift they had to spare, the best gift they could have made. Is it not a fine augury for the future?

The Other Retreat From Moscow

This striking passage, which might have been written of Hitler today, is from Tolstoy's great novel of War and Peace, dealing with Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow.

ALL the old methods that had been unfailingly crowned with success: the concentration of batteries on one point, an attack by reserves to break the enemy's lines, and a cavalry attack by the "men of iron"—all these had already been tried, yet not only was there no victory, but from all sides came the same news of generals killed and wounded, of reinforcements needed, of the impossibility of driving back the Russians, and of disorganisation.

When he ran his mind over the whole of this strange Russian campaign, when he looked at the concealed depression on the faces around him, a terrible feeling like a nightmare took possession of Napoleon, and all the unlucky accidents that might destroy him occurred to his mind. The Russians might fall on his left wing, might break through his centre, he himself might be killed.

All this was possible. In former battles he had only considered the possibilities of success, but now innumerable unlucky chances presented themselves, and he expected them all. It was

no longer a battle; it was a continuous slaughter. He could not stop what was going on before him and around him, and was supposed to be directed by him and to depend on him, and from its lack of success this affair, for the first time, seemed unnecessary and horrible.

It was not Napoleon alone who had experienced that nightmare feeling. All the generals and soldiers of his army experienced a similar terror before an enemy who, after losing half his men, stood as threateningly at the end as at the beginning of battle. Not that sort of victory which is defined by the capture of pieces of material fastened to sticks called standards, and of the ground on which the troops had stood and were standing, but a moral victory that convinces the enemy of the moral superiority of his opponent and of his own impotence was gained by the Russians at Borodino.

The direct consequence of the battle of Borodino was Napoleon's senseless flight from Moscow, his retreat along the old Smolensk Road, the destruction of the invading army of five hundred thousand men, and the downfall of Napoleonic France, on which, at Borodino, the hand of an opponent of stronger spirit had been laid.

BEDTIME CORNER

The Dog Who Helped

A FARMER who badly needed help spoke of his difficulty in the hearing of his collie dog.

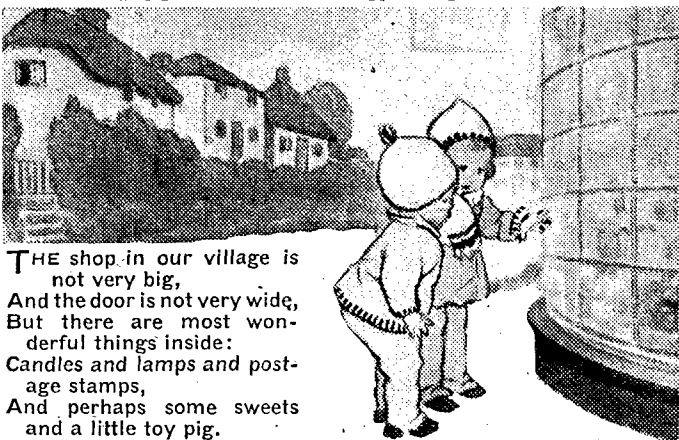
"My poor master has been a good friend to me," said the faithful creature; "now I can show my gratitude." And going over to a pile of flints that were needed to repair a farm road, he picked them up one by one and dropped them in a neat pile in the spot where they were wanted.

"Your job will take you a week at that rate," sneered a young colt who was watching him, and, seeing a cart filled

with some of the flints standing close by, the colt thrust his neck under a strap fixed across the shafts and ran off with it.

But he ran so fast and so carelessly that most of the stones were shot out and made a trail all along the way. When the farmer came out and saw what had happened he praised the dog for his help, saying: "A small task well performed is of much more value than careless, half-finished work which makes a great show."

THE VILLAGE SHOP



THE shop in our village is not very big,
And the door is not very wide,
But there are most wonderful things inside:
Candles and lamps and postage stamps,
And perhaps some sweets and a little toy pig.

The Children's Newspaper, March 14, 1942

The Lost Tin Mines of Cornwall

MANY of the derelict tin mines which strew the Cornish moors may soon be hives of industry again. Experts of the Ministry of Supply are seeking sources of their important metal to replace those in Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, which have hitherto supplied 80 per cent of the world's needs.

Bolivia, Nigeria, and the Belgian Congo are now our chief overseas sources, but Cornwall still contains considerable quantities, and it has only been the comparative high cost of production that has almost driven her mining industry from the field. Cornwall's output of tin for 1940 was only 1500 tons, compared with Nigeria's 10,000 and Malaya's 85,000, but, given the necessary funds and labour, the producers could easily double their output, and possibly get back to the annual yield of 10,000 tons of 60 years ago—before the cheaper imports from the Far East ruined this native industry. Many a Cornish miner then emigrated to contribute his skill and experience to mines in all parts of the British Empire.

Few mines in the world have a more fascinating history than those on the Cornish moors. As bronze is an amalgam of tin and copper, also found here in ancient days, tin-mining may date back to the beginnings of the Bronze Age, though Dartmoor with purer and more easily obtained supplies was the more important source. That Cornish tin was worked in very early times is proved by the discovery at Carnon of a deer-antler pick 40 feet below the surface.

In Roman Days

Though it is now held to be uncertain whether the Phoenicians came to Britain, there is an interesting account of the Cornish tin trade by the scientific writer Posidonius, who lived in Rome and was a friend of Cicero. He travelled about the Roman world, and this is what he wrote 20 centuries ago:

The inhabitants of that promontory of Britain which is called Bolerium are very fond of strangers, and from their intercourse with foreign merchants are civilised. They prepare the tin, working very skilfully the earth in which it is produced. The soil is rocky but contains earthy veins, the produce of which is ground down, smelted, and purified. They shape the metal into slabs like knuckle-bones and

carry it to an island lying in front of Britain called Ictis.

Posidonius concludes by describing how the tin was conveyed in wagons across the sands at ebb-tide, sold to merchants from Gaul, who shipped it across the Channel, and after 30 days travel by pack-horse brought it to the mouth of the River Rhone. Julius Caesar, on the other hand, does not mention Cornish tin, though in Truro Museum there is an ingot with a Latin inscription; nor does the Domesday Book.

The Stannaries

In 1156, with a reference in the Pipe Rolls, begins the real history of Cornish tin-mines. In 1201 King John granted a Charter to the Stannaries, as special courts for tin-workers were called, courts which have been held by the eldest son of our kings since the Black Prince was Duke of Cornwall. In early times the duke received a tax on the produce of the mines, and the Stannary Court is still convened at Truro.

Until the 15th century the tin was obtained by streaming, the method used by the huge excavators in the valleys of Malaya today. Stream tin then giving out, shaft-mining was resorted to, and from the draining and excavating of these mines many an invention has come. It is curious to recall today that it was a German engineer brought over from Saxony by Sir Francis Godolphin only two centuries ago who introduced hydraulic stamps and other labour-saving methods.

There was only one so-called steam-engine in Cornwall in 1742, and it was not till 1842 that the first engine to lower workers in a cage was installed to take the place of the series of long ladders. However, it must never be forgotten that it was by experimenting with the Newcomen engine at a Cornish mine that James Watt evolved the steam-engine which has revolutionised mining and other industries throughout the world.

Robot Chemist

IN these days, as most of us know, water supplies are chlorinated as a protection against harmful bacteria. It is a process that has to be watched carefully because if too little chlorine is put into the water the effect fails, and, if too much, many people find the taste unpleasant. Consequently a chemist is kept busy making careful analyses of the water several times a day.

But now a robot chemist has been invented to take his place, and the robot consists of two

electrodes, one of silver, the other of copper. The chlorinated water passing between them causes a flow of electricity from one to the other. If there is too strong an infusion of chlorine the electric current sets a relay in action which cuts off the supply of chlorine; if the infusion is too weak, another relay is set in motion, and turns on the chlorine tap. The water rights itself, and, like the robot chemist, needs no watching, for it cannot go wrong.

OUR CIVIL SERVANTS

By the Civil Service we mean the body of officials who carry out the administrative work of the nation. Unfortunately, it is customary, especially in time of war, to decry and abuse them, and we were not surprised when we saw in a popular newspaper the other day a leading article entitled *The Numbing Hand*, the numbing hand being that of the Civil Service.

Curiously enough, the day after the appearance of this article the Prime Minister announced changes in the Government which included the appointment of Sir James Grigg to hold the important office of Secretary of State for War.

Now Sir James Grigg is a civil servant, whose great ability and enterprising mind are well known to Mr Churchill and many others. In him we have a sufficient illustration of the ungrateful folly of denouncing our civil servants as "numbing hands." And, of course, Sir James is only one illustration of many others that might be given.

Let us remind ourselves that British public life only recently lost in a blitz the life of Lord Stamp, who was a civil servant before he became Governor of the Bank of England. He was one of a great number of civil servants who were discovered during the Great War, because business men who had much to do with them in the control of the nation's fortunes learned to value and respect them and offered them important posts. These considerations should put an end to stupid and unworthy attacks upon a service which has done so much for the nation in peace and war.

A SCHOOL WITHOUT A DUNCE

An experimental school opened five years ago by the New York Board of Education and Columbia University Teachers College cares for the minds of 50 clever boys and girls who are chosen from the city's million schoolchildren.

It is the Speyer School, and is run like an ordinary public school except that each child works at his own rate of speed. Some may be ahead in arithmetic and backward in spelling, and so on. In this way those above the average need not mark time while the rest catch up.

Lessons are held only in the mornings, and in the afternoons the youngsters choose what they want to do, which may be art, music, chess, a study of the gold standard, or a lesson in the intricacies of telephone and wireless. Each classroom has a telephone in it, made and installed by the pupils.

In providing for the youngster with the brilliant mind this school is giving a priceless opportunity to the future leaders of their generation.

Cromwell Calling

THE Cromwell Association has done a useful piece of work in issuing an attractive pamphlet of extracts from the letters and speeches of Oliver Cromwell.

The prophecy of Andrew Marvell has come true:

So shall his praise to after times increase,

When Truth shall be allowed and faction cease;

and the great Protector remains a powerful influence in the life of the nation. We need his dauntless courage, his singleness of purpose, his stern sense of duty, his unflinching trust in God, in these days of our peril.

As Mr Isaac Foot says in a foreword to the pamphlet, Cromwell's passionate nature often sought expression in words which fell like a stroke of his conquering

sword, and sentences thrown off by voice or pen have passed into our English speech. When it was felt that we needed a stronger Government to overthrow Hitlerism, it was in six words of Cromwell that the old government received notice to quit—*In the name of God, Go.*

We shall never all agree about Cromwell at any time; but do we all agree about Shakespeare, or Charles Stuart, or Edmund Burke? We must all agree, however, that this strong man loved England with an exceeding love, and loved right and justice more than all.

We take these few Cromwell sayings from this booklet, which is published for the Cromwell Association by the Oxford University Press at sixpence:

Sayings of the Great Protector

It's no longer disputing, but Out instantly all you can! Raise all your Bands; send them to Huntingdon; get up what Volunteers you can; hasten your Horses. You must act lively; do it without distraction. Neglect no means.

... a State which you can neither have peace with nor reason from, that is the State with which you have enmity at this time, and against which you are engaged.

Well, your danger is as you have seen, and truly I am sorry it is so great. But I wish it to cause no despondency: as truly, I think, it will not; for we are Englishmen.

Give me leave to tell you, I do not believe that in any war that ever was in former times, nor in any engagements that you have had with other enemies, this nation had more obligation upon it to look to itself, to forbear waste of time, precious time!

A very great people; and the best people in the world... a people that have been, like other nations, sometimes up and sometimes down in our honour in the world, but yet never so low but one might measure with other nations; and a people that have had a stamp upon them from God.

But it is your glory, and it is mine; it is my glory that I know a Cause which yet we have not lost; but do hope we shall take a little pleasure rather to lose our lives than lose!

But if the Lord take pleasure in England, and if He will do us good—He is very able to bear us up! Let the difficulties be whatsoever they will, we shall in His strength be able to encounter with them.

If I wanted to choose any servant, the meanest officer for the Army or the Commonwealth, I would choose a godly man that hath principles.



BSA's are scarce to-day

... because the splendid materials that go into them are needed for special wartime uses; and of course munition workers must have first chance of those that are being made. We know you won't mind waiting a while for your B.S.A.—you'll find it well worth waiting for. A B.S.A. stays shiny-new much longer, and every single part is perfectly finished.

You can still have a free catalogue if you write to:—

Dept. N2/3, B.S.A. CYCLES LTD., Birmingham 11

Ask Your Dad to put Your name down for a BSA

SECOND ATTEMPT
FIVE-YEAR-OLD Betty had had her first day at school.

"And what have you learned today, dear?" asked her mother.

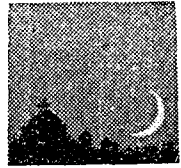
"Nothing," she replied disappointedly. "I've to go again tomorrow."

Kind Offer

On a roof an escaped cockatoo
Asked a cat, "Oh, say, what shall I do?"
And the cat he made answer,
"Cheer up if you can, sir,
And ere morning I'll teach you to mew!"

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the south, and Mars, Saturn, and Uranus are south by west. In the morning Venus and Mercury are low in the southeast.



The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7 o'clock on Wednesday evening, March 18.

WHY?

ACCORDING to the announcements made by a travelling showman his collection of wonders was the greatest on the road. But when he announced that one of his exhibits was a horn from one of Pharaoh's seven lean kine his words were greeted with roars of laughter.

Why was this?

The lean kine were only seen in a dream

For Babies and Nursing Mothers



"Where's my Broth?"

BICKIEPEG Veal, Bone, and Vegetable BROTH contains meat and vegetable extracts, including red and white marrow and valuable vitamins from the fat of the bone and green vegetables. It provides all the necessary animal constituents found in human but not in cow's milk. Bottle-fed babies can have it from birth. Breast-fed babies from six months, and there's no difficulty with weaning. And it's good for Mother when baby is coming. Instead of serving bread with the broth, give Chu-Chus . . . hard, nourishing rusks. When dribbling begins, give Bickiepegs, tough little biscuit bones, for even spacing of baby's teeth. Bickiepeg Broth, 2/3 per jar. Chu-Chus, 1/3 per tin. Bickiepegs (as used in the Royal Nursery) 7d. and 1/1 per packet. From all leading Chemists.

FREE SAMPLE of Bickiepegs and Chu-Chus for 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing. BICKIEPEGS LTD., Nursery Food Specialists, Dept. 25, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

bickiepeg
Veal, Bone, and Vegetable broth

2/3 per Jar (Free of Purchase Tax)
Keeps indefinitely unopened

THE BRANT TUB

Canals

THE longest canal in the world is the Göta Canal in Sweden, 115 miles long and 47 feet wide. Suez Canal, the next longest, is 160 miles long, 147 feet wide.

Other important canals are the Kiel, Germany, 61 miles long; Panama, 50 miles; Manchester Ship Canal, 35½ miles.

UNWORLDLY JIM

BETTER than pearls as white as spray,

Better than rubies red as fire,
Better than gold like peeps of day
Jim deems the thing of his desire.
Sapphires as blue as Eastern sky,
Emeralds the largest ever known,
Jim covets none; you ask me why?
Dogs always did prefer a bone!

Jacko All Dressed Up



BIG Brother Adolphus was a great swell. "Silly swank!" scoffed Jacko. "I wonder what I'd look like in his silly clothes . . . I wonder," he added, with a chuckle. He darted into the house, and presently out he came—all dressed up in Adolphus's best suit, complete with hat and cane. Bouncer nearly laughed his head off, but Adolphus was furious.

LET ALL THINGS BE DONE IN ORDER

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. Do you think that we take too much trouble in being tidy? Sometimes it seems to me that in the effort to keep things in good order we spend too much time which might be given to something really useful.

Man. I think you will realise as you grow older that so far from wasting time in preserving order, or in keeping things tidy, we save time in the long run and work positive good. Fine and lasting work, good health, happiness, and length of days—all depend on good order in life.

Boy. Is life itself an order?

Man. Most assuredly so. Whether in the animal or vegetable kingdoms, each species is an astounding example of order, following rules of growth and maintenance. By understanding these, and by giving them play, we are able to add to the world's supplies of food and materials. The work by which we cultivate and multiply derives its value from work done in good order. That is to speak of living or organic things, which in their turn are connected with inorganic powers whose rules must be strictly obeyed and understood if we are to make our efforts valuable.

Boy. I confess I have often been struck with the fact that, while animals always look trim and neat, the majority of human beings rarely keep themselves tidy. Isn't it rather puzzling that a bird should take more trouble with its appearance than we do?

Man. You must make allowance for the fact that when men, who originated in warm climates where they did not need clothes, migrated to temperate or cold countries where they needed protection, they defied Nature at the expense of creating a new need, and were compelled to cover themselves with fur or wool or leather.

Happily or unhappily, we did not break out into fur or feather which could be licked into shape as with a cat or preened into order as with a canary; and, as I need hardly remind you, the cat and the canary have the added advantage that every springtime Nature presents them with a new suit of clothes, coupon free.

Boy. It would be rather comical, wouldn't it, if we had natural clothing to be conveniently dropped in the appropriate season?

Man. It would be a little depressing during the moult! But, however that may be, the need for clothing adds a zest to life in enabling us to devise new fashions, so that, unlike the animals, we can entirely change our appearance. Good order, therefore, means much more to us than to the animal world, for there enters into it the conception of good taste in design and colour. So, whatever department of life we study, we are confronted with the supreme need for good order.

Boy. I begin to see that good order means much more to man than to the animal kingdom. Health, I expect, is a trouble to so many only because they do not realise that the body must follow rules if we are to be well.

Man. Yes, that point neatly illustrates the all-important thing that the maintenance of good order saves trouble in the long run. A child learning to keep the body thoroughly clean and well exercised, and to eat plain food, is usually assured of a life untroubled by disease, while one who takes no trouble to "live tidily" in youth will have to pay for it by taking trouble all through life. Beyond that lies the simple fact that what is worth doing is worth doing well, and to speak of doing things well is only a way of saying that they are done in good order.

Safety First

THE train made its way slowly through the hills. It seemed as though there were no need for hurry.

"Is this train ever on time?" queried a stranger of a fellow-passenger.

"They don't worry much about being on time," was the reply. "They are satisfied if it's on the lines."

How Gladstone Wrote His Name
WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, the Liberal statesman, was born at Liverpool in 1809. He was the greatest Parliamentary

W. E. Gladstone

of the 19th century, and was four times Prime Minister, his political career lasting 63 years. He died in 1898.

TWO JUGS

IF we have two jugs, one holding 3 pints and the other holding 5 pints, it is possible to measure out 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 pints. This is how it is done:

Fill small jug only . . . 3 pints
Fill large jug only . . . 5 pints
Fill both jugs . . . 8 pints

Fill small jug and pour into large jug, then refill small jug . . . 6 pints

Fill large jug and pour off enough to fill small jug, leaves in large jug 2 pints

Transfer the 2 pints to small jug and refill large jug . . . 7 pints

The small jug still having 2 pints in it, fill it right up from the large jug, leaving in that . . . 4 pints

Empty small jug and fill it from the large jug, and there will now be left in that jug . . . 1 pint

SHORT COMMONS

WHEN food is scarce we use the expression "to be put on short commons." This term no doubt originated at the universities, where the undergraduates dined in common, that is, all together, in what was usually known as the common room. The food was more often than not referred to as "commons."

FRIEND OR FOE?



Sparrow-hawk

THE beautiful sparrow-hawk is chiefly found in wooded areas, where it is always the foe of gamekeepers. It is true that sixty per cent of its food is young birds, mainly blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, larks, and house-sparrows; but a proportion of young game birds also finds its way into the hawk's talons. It must not be forgotten, however, that over a quarter of its diet consists of mice, rats, voles, and the larger injurious insects and their grubs. There are, of course, "rogue" sparrow-hawks which make their living almost entirely on young poultry chicks and those of pheasant and partridge.

ROD	GRAPE
AVI	D FLOW
TENET	ONE
IN	IRONY
O	ACAPET
DUNCE	TO
DOG	ENDOW
AMEN	SOLIE
BEIRYL	ELL

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Divided Word
Bestride, best-ride

How Far?
Tom cycled 10 miles



Mother! Constipated Child needs 'California Syrup of Figs'

Hurry, Mother! A teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative now will sweeten the stomach and thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the

pleasant taste of this gentle, harmless laxative. It never gripes or overacts. Ask your chemist for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Mother, be sure to ask for 'CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs.'